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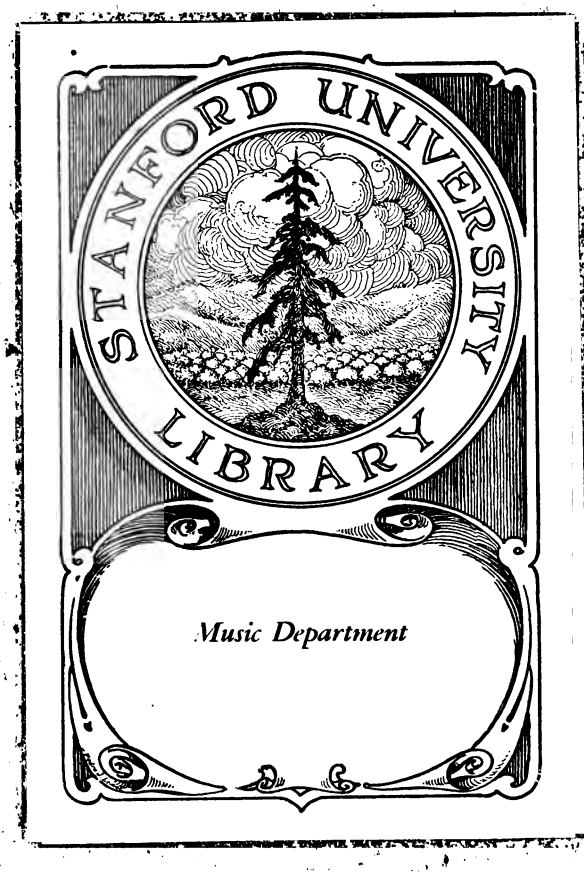
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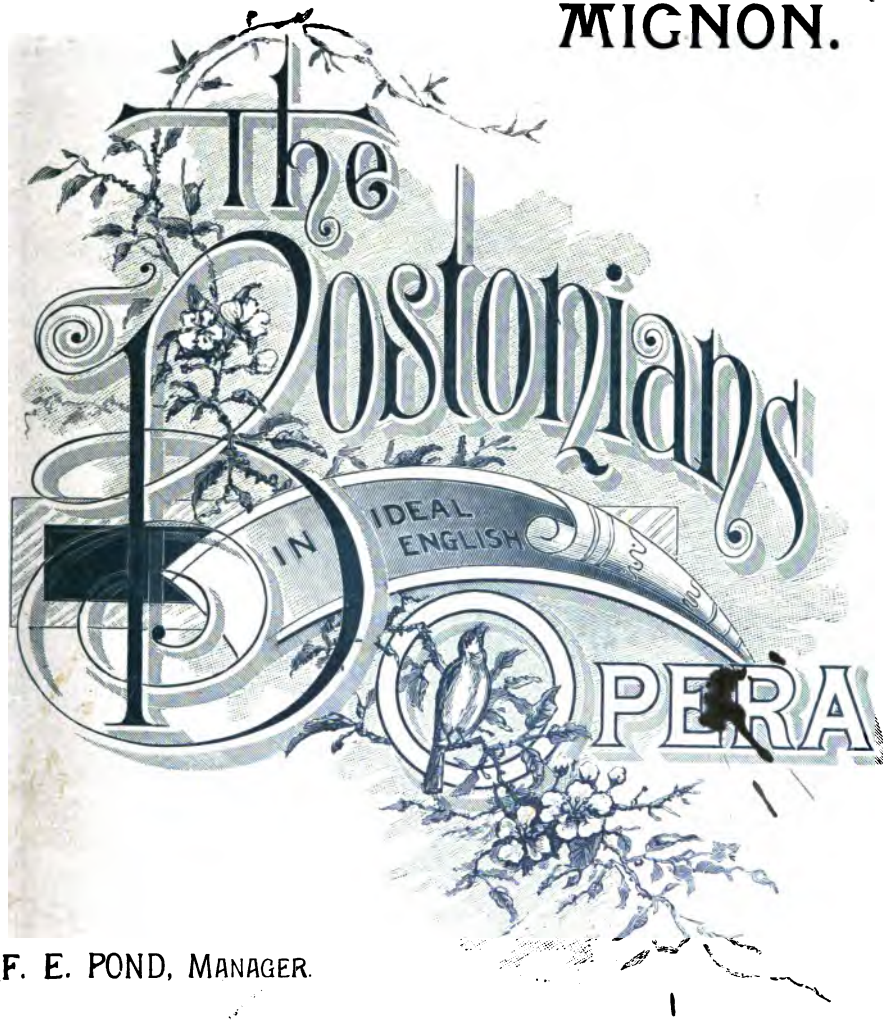

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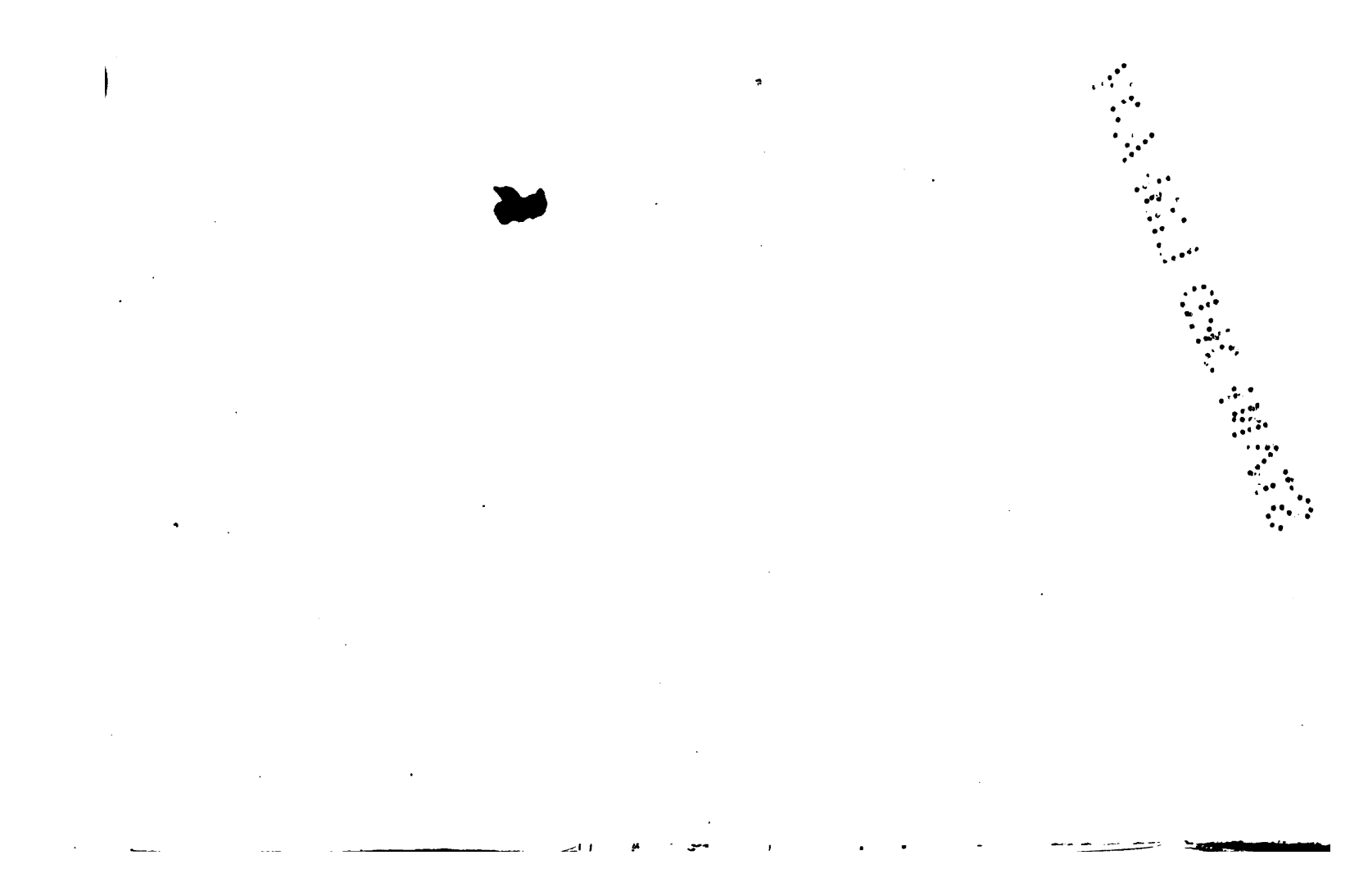

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MIGNON.

WILHELM MEISTER	*A young Student.*
LOTHARIO	*Father of Mignon.*
LAERTES	*An Actor.*
GIARNO	*A Gypsy Chief.*
FREDERIC	*A Gallant, in love with Filina.*
FILINA	*An Actress.*

ARGUMENT.

MIGNON, the daughter of noble parents, has, when a child, been stolen from her ancestral home by gypsies. Her mother, shortly after this bereavement, dies of grief, while LOTHARIO, the broken-hearted father, almost deprived of reason by the loss of his daughter, forsakes his home, and roams as a minstrel from place to place in search of his darling child. For years MIGNON, utterly unconscious of her birth and origin, leads a wandering life with the gypsy tribe, of which her beauty renders her the most prominent ornament. The chief, GIARNO, who combines the avocation of mountebank with that of gypsy, compels the hapless girl to dance in order to obtain money from the inhabitants of the towns through which they pass, and threatens her with his stick whenever, from fatigue, she refuses to do his bidding. WILHELM MEISTER, a young student on his travels, happens on one of these occasions to be a spectator of Giarno's ferocity; and, in order to prevent the recurrence of such ill-treatment, purchases Mignon from her cruel master. The friendless child, deeply touched by Wilhelm's kindness, gradually conceives for him an ardent and irrepressible attachment. Wilhelm, however, totally unconscious of the affection which his young *protégée* has conceived for him, falls a prey to the fascinations of FILINA, a young actress belonging to a troupe of Thespians, on their way to perform at a neighboring castle, where a grand *fête* is about to take place.

Among the guests invited to assist at the festivities is Wilhelm. Filina, the beautiful but coquettish object of his admiration, is the

idol of the hour, and her success at the castle serves but to increase Wilhelm's fondness for the fascinating *comedienne*. Mignon, who has accompanied her new master to the castle, watches with silent grief the progress of his love for her rival. At length, despondent and unhappy, and unable longer to endure the maddening jealousy which gnaws her heart's core, Mignon is about to throw herself into a lake adjoining the castle, when, of a sudden, a harp, played by an unseen hand, is heard, and in another moment Lothario appears. Abandoning her impious resolve, Mignon flies to the aged minstrel and implores his counsel and protection. Carried away by the vehemence of her emotion, she prays that vengeance may overtake the abode in which her hated rival is, at this very moment, in all the glory of her triumph. The performance inside the castle now terminates. Filina appears, surrounded by a tumultuous crowd of admirers, all loud in their praises of the actress's beauty and talents. Mirth and pleasure reign supreme, when, of a sudden, a lurid glare illumines the scene. — the castle is in flames! The aged Lothario, whom the voice of nature has unconsciously interested in Mignon's behalf, has, half crazed as he is with grief and trouble, lent an ear to Mignon's rash imprecation, and has set fire to the castle. A scene of terrible confusion ensues. Mignon is nowhere to be found. Wilhelm, after an eager but fruitless search for her, rushes wildly amid the burning rafters. and in a few moments reappears, bearing the hapless girl, fainting, in his arms.

In a room in Lothario's manorial residence, on the banks of an Italian lake, lies Mignon, overtaken by a dangerous illness, resulting from the fearful peril she has so lately and so narrowly escaped, as well as from the continued struggle to conceal the affection so long pent up in her breast. Wilhelm, who has meanwhile assisted Lothario in transporting Mignon to the home from which the unhappy parent had so long been absent, has discovered (from the broken sentences which have escaped Mignon during the crisis of her illness) the secret of her affection for him. Through the medium of a long-concealed casket, containing a girdle worn by Mignon when a little child, as well as by her heartful utterance of the words of a prayer which her parents had taught her in her infancy, the entranced Lothario discovers, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that Mignon is his long-lost child.

Blessed by the recovery of her sole surviving parent, and enraptured by Wilhelm's fervent though long-delayed avowal of his love for her, Mignon banishes forever from her memory the recollection of the troubled past, and confidingly looks forward to the bright and happy future.

MIGNON.

ACT I.

SCENE. — *The Court-yard of a German Inn.* TOWNSFOLK, COUNTRYMEN, *etc.*

CHORUS.

Magnates smoking and drinking,
Of pleasure only thinking,
Let's pass the happy hours away
Of this our festal day.

White beer shall fill our glasses,
Brown beer for us shall flow,
And as the glad day passes
Joy's cup shall overflow.
Let's drink the hours away.

(*Enter* LOTHARIO.)

LOTHARIO. No repose do I know,
From door to door I wander;
Destiny's hand doth guide me.
Far and near, here and yonder,
Heaven the poor doth e'er protect.
She lives! yes, she lives!
Oh! Heaven my steps direct!
Day follows day—
Her track do I follow—on my weary way,
Still wandering on.

CITIZEN. See! 't is Lothario, the wandering minstrel!

CITIZEN. His reason is disturbed by some grief or some wrong!

CITIZEN. He comes whence?
CHORUS. No one knows.
(*To* LOTHARIO.) Old comrade, join our drinking.
Your health, now!
Sing no more thy sad song.

CHORUS.

Magnates smoking and drinking,
Of pleasure only thinking, etc.

(*Enter* GYPSIES, *afterwards* FILINA *and* LAERTES, *then* MIGNON.)

PEASANTS. Room, friends! make way there,—
Room for Bohemia's children,—
For the gypsies make way.
The chief, see, it is Giarno,
And all of his tribe.
And Zaffari, too, is here. Room, there!
FILINA. Come quickly; come hither, pray, Laertes!
An hour's amusement awaits us,
Laugh not at these good folks;
Drop your quizzing and your jokes;
Filina to a place does here invite thee.
PEASANTS. The daughters of Bohemia are light of foot and gay,
And my wife cannot dance, no, not half so well as they.
LAERTES. The daughters of Bohemia are light of foot and gay,
Not Filina herself, e'en, could better dance than they.
FILINA. Oh, daughters of Bohemia,
Ye lightly wear life's chain;
Ye love and are beloved;
Of naught can you complain.
CHORUS. Light as a bird upon the wing,
Swift as the rapid lightning playing,
With agile foot each maid is bounding;
Forms light and graceful with joy are swaying.
Sing, oh sing, happy maids of Bohemia!
Dance, dancing with rapture, merry the song!
Joyous the dance; sing! dance! sing!
Pleasure entrancing,
Singing and dancing,

Bright eyes are glancing,
Hearts with love lancing,
Our joy enhancing!
Sing, sing!

GIARNO. For your generous gifts we're grateful, noble patrons,
And humbly we thank you for bounty given.
Mignon, the gifted daughter of our tribe,
Your kind attention begs
For her famous "dance on eggs."

CHORUS, FILINA, *and* LAERTES. Ah! bravo! let us all draw near,
This far-famed dance let us see.

GIARNO. (*Turning to* ZAFFARI.)
Now, Zaffari, play up your liveliest, gayest air.
Our beauteous carpet place on the ground.
Come, now, Mignon, up, up to your work!

FILINA. What ho! my dear, good sir,
May one ask you a question?
Who is this child who seems thus to detest you,
And whom you treat in such a fashion,
So very harsh and rough?
Is it a girl, pray, or is it a boy?

GIARNO. Nor one nor t' other, pretty lady,
Neither boy, nor girl, nor woman.

FILINA. Pray, what is it then?

GIARNO. 'T is Mignon.

MIGNON. Those eyes thus fixed upon me,
Their smiles insult and mock me.
Take strength, oh heart, and courage;
Pride come once more!

GIARNO. Come, arouse thee, Mignon, come dance.

MIGNON. No — no — never more!
I 'll brave your threats, your anger.
My bonds I 'll break.
No more I 'll be your slave.

GIARNO. You refuse! My friend, just pass me my stick.
'T will make your feet alert and light,
And you shall dance, willing or no.

MIGNON. No! no! no!

Part of CHO. Dance, then! She fears the stick.
Faith, she is right.
Mignon, come dance!

CHORUS. Come dance, Mignon; come dance, Mignon.

GIARNO. Dance, then, say I,
Or I my stick shall have to try.
Come, now, be spry,
Or "Mercy" you will have to cry.
Dance, now, say I,
Or we will try
To know the reason why.

(*Enter* WILHELM.)

WILHELM. Hold there, you scoundrel, stand back!

GIARNO. What's that you say?

WILHELM. Advance but one step at your peril!

GIARNO. There, there, I will not strike!
But alas! my show is ruined.
Who will pay for my loss?

FILINA. Take that; go, leave us in peace.

MIGNON. These flowers I give to you,
Kind friends and brave defenders.

ENSEMBLE.

FILINA. Who is this gay cavalier?
His proud knightship fain would I know.
He to us no thought has given,
Nor his features will he show.

LAERTES. I wager now, that he Filina burns to know.

WILHELM. Could I ever have foreseen
An adventure so surprising!
My heart with quick impulse rising
My action did thus direct.

MIGNON. Oh Virgin, my only hope,
Protect an innocent maiden!
Lo! before thee humbly pleading
For thy love and gracious care.

LOTHARIO. In the night so dark and still,
'Neath the forest trees' deep shade,
An armed horseman was reining
His black steed in the greenwood glade.

(*Exit Chorus*, GIARNO, MIGNON, *and* LOTHARIO.)

DIALOGUE.

LAERTES. Your most obedient, sir.

WILHELM. Your servant, sir.

LAERTES. Very well done. Indeed, sir, that gypsy ruffian needed a lesson.

WILHELM. Pshaw! Any one would have done the same.

LAERTES. You are modest, sir. Entirely too modest. Permit me to present myself — Laertes, tragedian, at your service. The company to which I have the honor to belong is at present playing an engagement under a rather capricious lady, — Dame Fortune; unmarried, you know, and consequently more properly designated as misfortune. You see.

WILHELM. And yonder lady?

LAERTES. Ah! the fair Filina is the bright particular of the company. She is our star, monsieur, who carries everything before her; applause, bouquets, seventy-five per cent of the receipts, — all that is worth having falls to her.

WILHELM. May I ask you to share a bottle with me?

LAERTES. With pleasure, sir. Here 's to a better acquaintance!

WILHELM. To which end — permit me. (*Offers card.*)

LAERTES. Wilhelm Meister; student, University of Vienna.

WILHELM. At your service.

LAERTES. Fortunate youth, who are not yet past the days of romance and love.

WILHELM. You yourself, sir, cannot have left them far behind, judging from your attentions to yon fair lady.

LAERTES. What, Filina! Oh, no, monsieur; I know better than to venture too near a flame at which all poor male moths singe their wings. The fair Filina is of all coquettes the most capricious; charming, I admit, but a desperate coquette. Here 's to her!

(*Enter* FILINA.)

FILINA. So, sir; my dear Laertes,
In drinking my good health have
You nought to that portrait to add?
LAERTES. So you were there?
(*Aside.*) 'T is most charming.
WILHELM. He treats you most severely,
But your bright eyes defy him.
FILINA. For your compliment I'm grateful.
WILHELM. She is charming! what an air!
Fairest maiden mid the fair.
Ah! with tears and with sighs
Love in my heart doth rise.
FILINA. Beauty, take up your arms,
Let me try on my charms.
This young and slight foe
I will soon overthrow.
LAERTES. She at last is under arms,
Now, Cupid, set to work!
And now, without further ceremony,
Permit me to introduce to you
Monsieur Wilhelm Meister,
A young and charming man who
His heart to you offers
In exchange for your own.
La Signora Filina,
An angel in skirts,
Who thinks you delightful,
And desires to tell you so.

(*Aside to* FILINA.) Smile, Filina, and a loving glance
Just cast this way!
(*Aside to* WILHELM.) Then offer yon fair lady your bouquet.
WILHELM. (*Aside.*) Oh, what beauty! oh, what grace!
How enchanting is each glance, etc.
FILINA. (*Aside.*) I'll make the most of my charms!
Beauty, now take up your arms, etc.
LAERTES. (*Aside.*) She 's entered the list!
Now, Cupid, set to work, etc.

FILINA. (*To* WILHELM.) Pardon, sir, I pray, this young gentleman's folly.
Give me your arm.
LAERTES. (*To* WILHELM.) I trust we soon shall meet again.
FILINA. Can he who once has seen me
Depart so soon?
LAERTES. It would be wise to fly?
FILINA. Oh, you are too malicious!
LAERTES. (*Aside.*) Coquette!
FILINA. (*Aside to* LAERTES.) Impertinent!
LAERTES. Monsieur!

(*Exit* FILINA *and* LAERTES.)

WILHELM. By heaven, she is most charming!
And notwithstanding Laertes,
I do not intend to say good by
To her just yet!
MIGNON (*Coming from under the shed, aside.*) He is alone!
WILHELM. Ah — you here, what would you now?
MIGNON. My master sleeps — give me your hand —
You have my heartfelt thanks.
WILHELM. To-morrow, my poor child,
I shall be far away;
No further aid can I e'er lend thee.
MIGNON. To-morrow? Who knows where we may be to-morrow!
To God belongs the future. Time is in his hand.
WILHELM. What is your name?
MIGNON. They call me Mignon,
Other name I have not.
WILHELM. How old are you?
MIGNON. The leaves have come and gone,
The flowers bloomed and faded,
No one hath numbered them,
No one my years hath told.
WILHELM. Who was your father, your mother?
MIGNON. Alas! my mother sleepeth,
And the great demon is dead.

Part of CHO. Dance, then! She fears the stick.
Faith, she is right.
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CHORUS. Come dance, Mignon; come dance, Mignon.

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LOTHARIO. See the rapid swallows,
Flying towards the south;
With them must I now journey.
MIGNON. Would I could fly as they
Through yonder broad space.
Give me your lute!

DUET.

MIGNON. Swift flying, pretty swallows,
Sweet birds whom God doth love,
On light wings upward darting
Through yon blue vault above.
LOTHARIO. The lute 'neath her fingers unto life awakes,
The chord as it lingers sweet melody makes.
MIGNON. Ah fly, swift darting swallows,
Swiftly fly o'er the rosy sky!
Oh happy bird, who first shall see the morning
Dawn, the bright land of the sun.
Spread your soft wings,
Swift flying, pretty swallows, etc.

(FILINA *heard laughing merrily.*)

DIALOGUE.

MIGNON. That voice again! I cannot endure it! Come, come!
(*Exit with* LOTHARIO)
WILHELM. (*From inn.*) Now, then, here is your money, and all is settled. You have no longer any claim on Mignon. She is free.
GIARNO. Thanks, noble sir. It is as you say, (*aside*) and not a bad bargain, either. (*Exit.*)
FILINA. And have you really given the child her freedom? A noble action!
WILHELM. It is a very little thing to do. Let us hope it may prove of value to her.
LAERTES. A letter, fair Filina! A letter!
FILINA. Ah! let me see. (*Reads.*) "My charming siren, I have distinguished visitors at my castle, and desiring to

entertain them with all that is delightful, I naturally think first of you. Come, then, with your fellow-artists, sing to us and captivate our hearts. I send my carriage to bear you to us, and hope to see you before the evening. ROSENBERG."
There! Is n't the baron a charming man?

LAERTES. Yes, as barons go.

WILHELM. Von Rosenberg is a gentleman, sir, of the old school.

FILINA. You know him, then?

WILHELM. Oh, yes! My father and he were college companions.

FILINA. Then why not make him a visit? Surely he will be pleased to see you

WILHELM. And you?

FILINA. What do you wish me to say?

WILHELM. That you also will be pleased to have me come.

FILINA. Well, then; yes, I also shall be pleased. (*Exit*)

WILHELM. Thanks, many thanks.

LAERTES. So, Sir Moth, you are bent upon singeing your wings. Very well; have them roasted to a cinder, if you like, but remember, Laertes warned you. You journey with us?

WILHEIM No, not with you.

LAERTES. But you will join us at the baron's castle before long?

WILHELM. Truly a strange adventure! But she is charming!

(*Enter* MIGNON, *afterwards* LOTHARIO.)

MIGNON. Here am I! Since you have bought me,
As you will, dispose of Mignon!

WILHELM. I know in this same city,
Where fate has thus thrown you,
Some honest folks,
Where you can in safety remain.

MIGNON. But why — why should we ever part?

WILHELM. How can I, poor girl,
Take you with me? 'T is clear
I cannot take upon me
The cares of a parent,

MIGNON. Dress me, then, as a boy,
Your true servant I 'll be;
Serving you ever, through the world I 'll go!

WILHELM. Say not so!
MIGNON. To whom then shall I pay
This debt of gratitude I owe?
I 'll follow you! Ah, say,
Dear master mine, be it so?
WILHELM. From tryant harsh now sundered,
Free now e'en as the wind,
Why would you other fetters
Around you, Mignon, bind?

MIGNON. Ah! take me with you!
WILHELM. No! no!
MIGNON. (*Sadly.*) 'T is well; since your own pitiless hand thus repulses. (*Pointing to* LOTHARIO, *who enters.*) I will go with him!

LOTHARIO. Come, how sweet is life with freedom!
Beneath the forest boughs and the night's silent stars
Our rustic couch we 'll make,
Where nought the quiet mars!
Come, and my humble loaf with you I 'll share!
WILHELM. No! stay, poor child!
For you I dread the future.
Remain with me if you will.
'T is fate, 't is fate that speaks!
And to fate I yield!
The friend who gives you freedom,
Never more from you will part!
LOTHARIO. (*Aside.*) And I must wander on!
Wandering, hoping, wandering evermore,
Wandering and singing forevermore,
Yes, evermore.

CHORUS. — ACTORS.

En route, gay friends, now let 's begone,
For Pleasure's self awaits us there,
And bright-eyed Mirth now calls us on,
And jollity and fun we 'll share!
Let 's forget all our dinners light,

Let us salute with bows profound,
The Baron who doth us invite
To where good wine and food abound!
Fortune upon us at last now doth smile;
Away now, let's begone! Oh, happy chance!
Now let's begone!
Good by to thirst, good by to hunger!

LAERTES. (*To the* GROOM.) We 'll follow you.
(*To the* ACTORS.) Go on first, you others,
I 'll precede you, good friends,
And thus much do I promise,
A fine feast shall await you there to-night.

CHORUS. Hurrah!

FILINA. (*To* WILHELM.) And you, my friend,
Will join our merry-making?
This hope I 'll take with me,
We shall meet again to-night.

LAERTES. (*Aside.*) Why should she see him more?
Hope, false hope, already moves his heart.

MIGNON. (*To the* GYPSIES.) You who with me have shared degraded life and misery,
Farewell!
Child! Round thy neck this medallion I place.
May its charms ever protect thee!
And you whose cruel anger hath often visited me,
Alas, farewell: Mignon forgives you all!

CHORUS. Farewell, Filina! Happy journey!
GYPSIES. Farewell, Mignon, and take good courage!
CHORUS. En route, gay friends, now let 's begone!

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE. — *An Elegant Toilet Chamber.*

LAERTES. Naught like good wine to make us gay
When one has not wherewith to pay.
La, La, La. (*Enter* WILHELM.)

DIALOGUE.

FILINA. Now see; it was charming of you to come!

LAERTES. I go, sir, to see that all is ready for the evening. Our play is the Midsummer Night's Dream; not a bad play, either, in its way. As for the Titania, I think you will find her to your taste. *Au revoir*, fair Filina. (*To* WILHELM.) I leave you alone with her. (*To* FILINA.) I leave you alone with him. I leave you alone with each other. No, I don't, for some one waits at the door.

FILINA. At my door?

WILHELM. 'T is only Mignon.

FILINA. Mignon, and here?

WILHELM. She insisted on following me, and I had not the heart to refuse. Shall I call her?

FILINA. Yes, if you wish.

WILHELM. Mignon!

MIGNON. (*Entering*) What will you, master?

FILINA. I should scarcely know her, she is so much changed.
Come near and warm your hands;
You then shall dance for us
The famous "dance on eggs."

LAERTES. I think a storm is brewing!

FILINA. What 's that?

LAERTES. Nothing. I must leave you. (*Exit.*)

TRIO.

WILHELM. No more of grief, no more sad thoughts, my child,
Come, warm your hands, which must be frozen,
At yonder bright and cheerful fire.

MIGNON. No longer do I think of my past grief and sorrow;
I am not cold, —
No, I am happy at thy side.

FILINA. What touching kindness and what devotion!
A model father you would be.
I really can't help laughing!

MIGNON. Alas! her bitter laugh
My heart doth torment cause.

WILHELM. (*To* FILINA.) Your laughter well becomes you —
You've a silvery laugh!

FILINA. Ah! my friend, I must admire you —
Extremely good you are.
Instead of being served by a page so young and charming,
'T is you who serve the page.

WILHELM. Near to you, at your feet — yes, I would offer, if you'd accept, a sweeter service.

FILINA. Indeed!
Yon candelabra pray bring to me at once.

WILHELM. I declare myself your slave,
And your orders will obey.

FILINA. My hairdresser, to-night, has not done me full justice.
Soon you shall see me in all my fairy splendor.
I hear soft voices
In my ears sighing;
Old and young lovers
My praises sing;
Beauty entrancing
Playing its part,
Bright eyes, e'er glancing,
Firing each heart.

WILHELM. Lovely Filina, queen of my heart!
Bright thine eyes, thine all-bewitching glance
Each soul allures, each heart is caught by thee.
Oh, lovely maid, all around thee are smiling;
Thou 'rt by all loved, by all adored, — thy charms beguiling.
Alas! thy heart, why burns it not with love — with love for me?

FILINA. He 's charming, indeed!
WILHELM. Ah! Filina, thou cruel art and cold!
FILINA. To the Baron I surely must present you.
WILHELM. Filina, another word, one word!
FILINA. Speak lower; hush! we may be overheard!
Pray give me your arm.
WILHELM Will you not answer me?
FILINA. Come, come, merciful I 'll be.
(*Aside.*) She was not asleep then. I thought as much.
WILHELM. Oh, Filina, coquette, most bewitching enchantress,
Hear me, deign to hear,
In pity, oh hear me!
MIGNON. (*Aside.*) I can bear no more, — I 'll hear no more;
Could I but sleep; ah me, come, kind sleep, to my aid.
WILHELM. (*To* FILINA.) Hear me, deign to hear!
FILINA. E'en *he* with mad love
Now doth fervently burn.

(*Exit* FILINA *and* WILHELM.)

MIGNON. At last I am alone; alas!
Already he forgets me;
What matters? He has granted my wish
To follow and to serve, 't is all that I can ask.
Come, then, to weep now were folly.
No, no! to all I will submit,
I 'll weep no more.
This apartment so splendid!
Never saw I a place so fine,
Save in my dreams.
Ah! 't was here, a moment since,
So pleased with her resemblance,
She listened unto him.
I did not wish to see, I did not wish to listen!
Alas! the temptation were so strong, how could I help it?
Forgive me, dear master!
This is the color that makes her lovely;
Suppose I try what it will do for me.
My pallor disappears!
Ah! rosy color.

I.

Once a maiden, sad and wan,
A poor daughter of Bohemia,
Whom no kind eye shone upon, —
Ha, ha, ha, silly story! I cannot leave the glass!
I really seem more fair; I might with her compare.
Tra la ral la, etc.
Is 't Mignon I see? Is it really Mignon I see?
Tra la ral la, etc.

II.

She one day a triumph won.
Proud and happy was this maiden;
To please her master, 't was done!
Ha, ha, ha, the silly story! I cannot leave the glass!
I really seem more fair; I might with her compare.
Tra la ral la, etc.
Is this really Mignon?
Tra la ral la, etc. (*Exit.*)

(*Enter* FREDERIC, *alone.*)

FREDERIC. 'T is I; the lock I 've broken!
What matters? Behold me! How!
My uncle has given Filina my aunt's apartments!

SONG.

Here am I in beauty's room!
How my heart with joy and hope doth loudly beat!
And I 'll know from her own lips my doom!
This day the flirt shall return my flame!
Her heart at last I hope to tame.
Mine the vict'ry surely this day shall be.
Yes; I'll win her, if put to the test!
Their vigilance I will elude.
Here am I in beauty's room, etc.

WILHELM. (*Entering.*) Mignon! Mignon! Poor child, I shall have to tell her that we must part.

FREDERIC. (*Aside.*) Filina's latest conquest, I am sure of it

WILHELM. (*Aside.*) Ah! this is probably the Baron's nephew!

FREDERIC (*Saluting.*) Monsieur!

WILHELM. (*Saluting.*) Monsieur!

FREDERIC. Pardon my indiscretion, monsieur, but I am anxious to know how you came here.

WILHELM. I was about to ask you the same question, sir!

FREDERIC. Well, the fact is, I came by the window.

WILHELM. Ah! the door was open to me!

FREDERIC. It is still open, for your exit, monsieur, and I trust you will not hesitate to avail yourself of it.

WILHELM. Certainly, when I am ready!

FREDERIC. Sir! Let us understand each other! I am a friend of the lady who occupies this apartment.

WILHELM. So am I!

FREDERIC. Well then — I love her!

WILHELM. So do I!

FREDERIC. Then we are rivals!

WILHELM. Evidently.

FREDERIC. Which means?

WILHELM. As you will, monsieur! When? where?

FREDERIC. (*Draws.*) Here! now!

WILHELM. You must be mad!

FREDERIC Draw, sir! Defend yourself!

WILHELM. If you insist, — certainly!

(MIGNON *rushes between them.*)

MIGNON. Hold! Hold! For heaven's sake!

FREDERIC. Sir, we shall meet again! (*Exit.*)

WILHELM. What means this masquerading, Mignon? Where did you get that dress?

MIGNON. Yonder. It is hers — I thought — I thought —

WILHELM. Enough! I understand!

MIGNON. You are angry with me: I am sorry.

WILHELM. No, my child; I am not angry, but we must part.

MIGNON. You drive me from you!

WILHELM. No, Mignon, not I, but the prejudices of the world, which you do not understand.

MIGNON. I only understand that I have done something wrong, and that you drive me from you.

WILHELM. It is not I, I assure you. But go now, for Filina may come at any moment.

MIGNON. Then it is on her account that I am to be sent away?

WILHELM. Foolish child; I will see that you are well cared for.

MIGNON. I cannot go! I cannot go!

SONG.

WILHELM. Farewell, my child, take courage.
Weep thou no more.
In the bright years of youth no grief doth linger long.
O'er thee that heaven guiding with tender care
Thy path, shall ever, ever be my prayer.
Weep not, Mignon!
Once again mayst thou find thine own land and thy kindred.
Mayst thou ever thro' life naught but happiness know.
With regret do I leave thee, and my heart, my poor child,
Knows thy grief, and shares thy woe.

MIGNON. For all your kindness, thanks: but since we 're doomed to part,
I fain would wander freely.

WILHELM. To reason's dictates listen.

MIGNON. Reason is cruel, Master.
Hear, rather, hear the heart!

WILHELM. When from my care removed, what will you do?

MIGNON. I will be again — Mignon!
To-morrow I shall be far away —
You will see me no more!

WILHELM. Where will you go?

MIGNON. I shall wander, as before,
By the first path before me.

WILHELM. Who will protect you?

MIGNON. God, the angels, and Mary Mother;
To their tender grace I trust myself.

WILHELM. Who will support you?

ACT III.

SCENE. — *The Garden before the* BARON'S *Castle. Evening.*

MIGNON. She is there, by his side;
Her triumph commences,
And I wander in this lone grove, abandoned!
Heavens! whence that sound that I hear!
Ah! Is 't you, Lothario?

LOTHARIO. Who is there?
What voice is that that calls my name?
Is it you, Sperata? Reply!
My heart again deceives me; it is not she,
'T is not Sperata!
'T is the child who wished to follow me;
'T is Mignon!

MIGNON. Yes, yes! You remember me!
It is I!

LOTHARIO. Unhappy creature; I have followed your steps,
And longed for your return!
Come to my heart; — rest in these arms,
And tell the sorrow that wounds thee,
The sad thoughts that grieve thy heart.

MIGNON. You hear them!
'T is her name that the crowd is repeating,
'T is her they applaud, her triumph completing!
Would that Heaven its fierce lightning
In its fury might deal forth,
Striking her and yonder castle
And to ashes burn them now;
Torrents of flame on them descend,
Descend and destroy! (*Exit.*)

LOTHARIO. Fire! She said fire! (*Exit.*)

(*Enter guests from castle.*)

CHORUS. Ah bravo, Filina,
She is truly divine!
Our hearts and homage at her feet
We lay; her triumph is complete;
Her charms, her art, we celebrate,
Before her beauty bow,
Salute the bright star of this fête,
Success is on her brow!
Bravo, Filina, thou who art
The mistress here of every heart.

(*Enter* FILINA *and* FREDERICK.)

FILINA Yes, for to-night I am queen of the fairies,
My wand, my sceptre behold!
And these, my trophies!

CHORUS. Fragrant flowers
Reward her who sweet music showers
O'er us; who brightens dullest hours;
Glory and honor are hers!

FILINA. I am Titania, daughter of the air;
I am Titania, queen of fairyland;
Brightly and gayly o'er the world I roam,
Now o'er the mountain brow, and now by coral strand!
My elfin followers around me
Dance lightly by my floating car;
By night and day do they surround me,
With melodies that lovely are!
Amid the flowers that blush at morn,
My flight I take
O'er forest and brake,
The music of the elfin horn
Bids all my followers awake!

CHORUS. All hail, all hail, Titania!

(*Enter* WILHELM, MIGNON, *and* LOTHARIO.)

FILINA. Lo, there you are! You were not here;
You did not hear me!

WILHELM. I ask your pardon!
I trust I have not kept you waiting!

FREDERICK. He again! what tenderness;
What a sweet smile she has for him!
WILHELM. I look for Mignon in vain!
FILINA. How, sir! Then 't is not I
Whom you are seeking?
LOTHARIO. Take heart, poor child, take heart;
Rejoice, Mignon; take heart!
Bent on revenging you, the flames
The castle now consume!
MIGNON. Heavens! what do you say!
LOTHARIO. I have but fulfilled your desire;
And now these walls shall crumble under torrents of fire! (*Exit.*)
WILHELM. Ah, Mignon; you are here!
I have been vainly seeking you.
FILINA. Come here, young maiden.
MIGNON. What is your wish?
FILINA. To prove your zeal in service.
Go quickly to the castle,
Upon the stage a bouquet you will find,
Given me by him in homage,
And carelessly I have let it fall.
Pray go and seek it.
WILHELM. (*To* FILINA.) But why?
MIGNON. I obey! master, I obey! (*Exit.*)
LAERTES. (*Enters from castle.*)
Ah, Filina, — my friends!
Alas, the theatre is on fire!
See! see!
FILINA. Oh horror! My heart scarce beats!
WILHELM. Oh, unhappy child! (*Exit.*)
FILINA. Now Heaven my witness be,
The danger I knew not.
CHORUS To quench the lurid flame,
To stay its fiery hand,
Its furious rush to tame,
No help is now at hand,
See! see! the flames are darting,
The castle soon will fall.

(*Enter* LOTHARIO.)

LOTHARIO. No repose do I know,
From door to door I wander,
Destiny's hand doth guide me,
Far and near, here and yonder.
Heaven the poor doth e'er protect,
She lives! yes, she lives!
Oh Heaven my steps direct,
Her track do I follow, e'er follow,
Still wandering on!

(*Enter* WILHELM *with* MIGNON.)

WILHELM. Heaven hath saved her from a dreadful death,
The fearful danger she willingly doth brave.
'T was 'gainst her own wish that I did rescue her,
With flames surrounded did I find her.
I 've saved her!

ALL. Ah, saved! saved!

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE. — *In Italy.*

CHORUS. Spread forth thy sails so white and broad,
To the breeze blowing lightly,
The glorious waves each other chase,
The stars in yon sky glimmer brightly.
How the boats dashing o'er the waves
Leave furrows of fire in each wake,
On the blue lake!

DIALOGUE.

(*Enter* WILHELM *and* ANTONIO.)

ANTONIO. From this window your worship may view the illuminations in honor of to-morrow's festival.

WILHELM. Will this palace also be lighted up?

ANTONIO. Alas, no, your worship! Ever since our beloved master disappeared from his ancestral home, this house has been wrapped in gloom and sadness. This door has been closed for over fifteen years.

WILHELM. Ah, yes! I remember hearing the story.

ANTONIO. He had a little daughter whom he fondly loved. She was lost one day; drowned, it is thought, in yonder lake. The loss of the child broke her mother's heart, and sent the father, a homeless wanderer, from his land. Your worship thinks of buying the place?

WILHELM. Yes, it attracts me. I will think the matter over, and give you my decision to-morrow.

ANTONIO. Very well, sir! (*Exit.*)

LOTHARIO (*entering*). Hush! She sleeps! The fever has left her. A smile is upon her lips.

WILHELM. Thank Heaven for that! I but waited her restoration to health to provide her a permanent home. This seems a fitting spot, and to-morrow she shall be mistress of the ancient home of the Cipriani!

LOTHARIO. The Cipriani! That name! Hush!
WILHELM. What do you mean? Yon door has remained closed for fifteen years!
LOTHARIO. Fifteen years! Ah! Hush! (*Exit.*)
WILHELM. What strange, wild look was that?
Ah, better than my reasoning did this old man's heart
Teach him to console her; and her life is saved!
At last I have divined the secret of her heart;
She sleeps, —
And in her slumber she murmurs my name.

SONG, WILHELM.

Oh thou so sweet and pure,
Child-like but yesterday,
Thou must the pangs endure
That come with fierce passion's sway;
Heart that has been at rest,
Rest thou no more shalt know.
Love now within thy breast
Burns with a fiery glow.

Thy heart is at last awakened,
And its dawn is golden with love.
Come, gentle spring,
And may thy balmy breath
To reason restore her.
Oh my heart, wake her to life,
For I adore her.

One word I fain would hear,
One word would say to her.
Heart fraught with hope and fear,
Thou canst but pray for her.
Her eyes seek mine no more,
As once they so fondly sought.
Child-like she was, before
Love its sad havoc wrought.

Her heart is at last awakened,
And its dawn is golden with love.

Come, gentle spring,
And may thy balmy breath
To reason restore her,
Oh, my heart, wake her to life,
For I adore her.

(*Enter* MIGNON.)

MIGNON. Where am I! I breathe a purer air!
How bright the soft blue sky!
In the clear mirror of yon sunny lake
The green hills are reflected,
A white sail in their shadow is gliding,
Sweet is the air;
And the palace, whose descent towards the strand
I seem to have seen in some dream of my childhood!
Lothario! Wilhelm! At last you come!
Once more my heart knows bliss again,
Sorrow no longer my soul doth feel!
Once more new life my heart awakens,
Death no longer, no longer I fear.

WILHELM. Dear one, ah Mignon,
Let fear not distress thee,
Here in thy native land thou shalt not die.
With balmy zephyrs to caress thee,
Shall grief and sorrow forever fly,
Ah, thou must live and happy be,
Thou must live for love and me.

MIGNON. What! dost thou love me!
What say'st thou! Dost remember the past?
Thy heart is Filina's.

WILHELM. Filina is far away; I never, never loved her.

MIGNON. Is it true?
Ah, joy supreme, joy celestial!
At last then I can say—
(*Softly*) But whisper low — whisper low.

FILINA. I am Titania, fairy queen;
I am Titania, daughter of air!

WILHELM. Great heavens! Filina!

MIGNON. That woman once again!
Now my secret in my heart rests forever.
Her voice again I hear, I am sure.
'T is she who pursues thee!
Ah! speak to me no more;
I must forever silent be.

WILHELM. Mignon, thee alone I hear,
Thee alone do I see,
Thou only do I love!
Thou doubtest me, thou lovest me not, alas!

DIALOGUE.

WILHELM. Poor child, her hands are like ice! That cursed voice has broken her tender heart. Dear Mignon, hear me; I love thee. 'T is Wilhelm who speaks to thee!

MIGNON. Was it a dream?

WILHELM. Yes, yes; a foolish dream caused by the fever.

MIGNON. The fever, say'st thou? No, no! Lothario alone loves Mignon. Why is he not here? Hark! hark! a step! 'T is he.

WILHELM. That door is closed forever.

MIGNON. 'T is he! 't is he! Lothario.

(*Enter* LOTHARIO.)

LOTHARIO. Mignon, Wilhelm, I salute you!
Unto my house you are both welcome.

WILHELM. What does he say?

MIGNON. In such splendid attire!
Is 't Lothario I see?

LOTHARIO. (*To* MIGNON.) All belongs to me here — all 's mine.
Look! admire it!
Here was I master in years long gone by.

WILHELM. (*Softly to* MIGNON.) Pity his madness, alas! and his folly!

MIGNON. No longer the same he looks, nor his voice.

LOTHARIO. Let's forget long years of sadness,
Let's forget long years of sorrow;
Treasure rich I bring to thee.
And this heart of thine, so weary,
'T will quickly calm and restore,

This casket has been long months hidden from sight.
Child! open it to the light.

MIGNON. What does it contain?

LOTHARIO. Look!

MIGNON. The scarf of a little child!
With gold and silver broidered.

LOTHARIO. I have sacredly kept it for years.

MIGNON. What relic is this?
Tell me who wore it.

LOTHARIO. Sperata!

MIGNON. Sperata! That name I've known in years long past,
And in my thoughts
A dear remembrance it has been.

WILHELM. (*To* MIGNON) Thou — thou tremblest,
Thou weepest, Mignon!

LOTHARIO. Look once again.

MIGNON. A little prayer-book.

LOTHARIO. E'en yet I see her, word by word spelling her evening prayer!

MIGNON. Oh Virgin, sweet Mary!
Our dear Saviour is with thee!
Look down upon a child
At thy feet on bended knee.

LOTHARIO. 'T was thus — 't was thus she prayed!

MIGNON. Thou who dost hold upon thy heart
The divine and loving Saviour,
Oh, preserve this child to her mother!
Oh Madonna, now pray for us,
For us now pray!

LOTHARIO. Is it God's inspiration
Recalls thy invocation.

MIGNON. Lothario, Wilhelm, can it be?
Am I dreaming!
I think! I see! I know not what!
(*To* WILHELM.) Oh, where hast thou brought me?
What land, say, is this!

WILHELM. It is Italy.

MIGNON. Oh, light divine, upon me dawning,
Oh, light divine!

There! there! the picture of my mother!
And her room is deserted.

LOTHARIO. 'T is my daughter!

MIGNON. My father!

WILHELM. Ah!

LOTHARIO. 'T is my child!

MIGNON. Yes!

LOTHARIO. 'T is she!

MIGNON. Oh, yes, it is my father!

WILHELM. Can it be?

MIGNON. Oh, God be thanked!
At last I know a father's love.

WILHELM. Oh, God be thanked!
At last she knows a father's love!

MIGNON. My native land! My native land!
At last I know a father's love.

WILHELM. Mignon! (MIGNON *faints.*)

LOTHARIO. Ah, my child!

WILHELM. Speak! Mignon!

MIGNON. I die.

WILHELM. She revives!

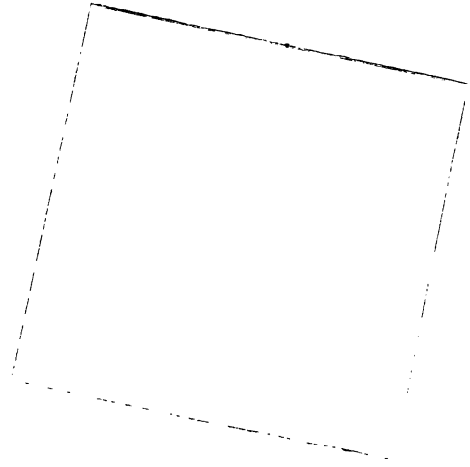
LOTHARIO. Her senses return.

WILHELM. Ah, dearest Mignon, I love thee,
Yes, I love thee!

MIGNON. My heart, fair land, to thee would fly
And oh, for thee I could die.
My heart to thee would gladly fly.
Father mine, my native land,
Ah bless thee ever, oh fatherland!

WILHELM *and* LOTHARIO. 'T is there her heart
Doth long to live and love!
'T is there her heart
Will live and rest,
In her dear fatherland!

END OF OPERA.



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